

# COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

EQUAL RIGHTS, HONEST AGENTS, AND AN ENLIGHTENED PEOPLE.

PUBLISHED BY S. SIMPSON & J. CONRAD, No. 55, CHESNUT STREET.

Vol. I.]

[No. 201.

## TERMS.

*Country Paper*, three times a week, at five dollars per year, payable in advance.  
Advertisements carefully and conspicuously inserted, at fifty cents per square for the first insertion, and thirty cents per square for every subsequent insertion, with a deduction of twenty per cent. to subscribers.  
Communications must come free of postage, to insure attention.

## Good News, from New York.

The *People's Ticket* in the City of New York, has been carried by a large majority; and the prospect throughout the State is equally favourable, as far as accounts have been received. Thus falls prostrate, in all directions, the *Adhesive Caucus*, and his worshipper, Wm. J. Crawford. This is what we predicted! Now, Mr. Noah, now, what says Mr. Noah!—We received no *National Advocate* this morning! This is ominous!—We really pity Noah, for with all his political profligacy, he is a very good natural fellow; and nobody can tell a fib with better grace. At the same time, however, that we sincerely pity him, we cannot suppress a laugh, for the rogue will crack a joke himself at his misfortunes; and go to work at something else.

So much for *King Caucus*, *King Crawford*, and "Self-constituted Aristocracy," in New-York.

The article in the *American Sentinel* of this morning, misrepresenting the number and the character of the *Jackson Town Meeting*, is almost palpable in its perversions to call for any remarks. That the *Meeting* was entirely and wholly Democratic, is shown by the names of the officers, and still more so, by the tenor of the *Proceedings and Resolutions*. It is preposterous to say, that any man but a *Democrat*, would give his vote for that *Proceeding*, and those *Resolutions*. Let the *British* publish the proceedings, if it dare, and then show, *by facts*, what was the political character of the *Meeting*. It is but fair to state, that the motion to publish the proceedings was originally made in the *Democratic Newspapers*, by Mr. James Thackery; but Mr. Thos. Liver, an old and staunch Democrat, moved to amend it, so that of the newspaper printed in the city should be comprehended. This was agreed to, on the ground of diffusing information among all parties, as to the principles which influenced the friends of *Jackson*. Not a *Federalist* was in the house.

## RHODE ISLAND.

The Legislature of that State met at South Kingston on Tuesday, 26th October, and adjourned on the succeeding Saturday, to meet again at Providence on 21st Monday of January next. During their session of five days, they chartered the Bible Society, and the Yearly Meeting of Friends. They also chartered three new Banks, viz: The North American Bank at Providence, capital \$200,000, with liberty to increase to \$500,000; the Bristol Union Bank, capital \$50,000, and the Mount Vernon Bank, capital \$50,000. A bill to reduce the pay of juries to fifty cents per day, was rejected. The Senators and Representatives in Congress were requested to advocate the adoption of further measures to encourage domestic manufactures. An act was passed to prevent the issuing of bank bills payable otherwise than in gold or silver. An act imposing a duty on the sale of foreign lottery tickets, and an act directing the Laws of the State to be published in all the newspapers, were also passed. A committee was appointed to report the subject of a written Constitution for the State at the next session. A bill empowering the Courts to banish negroes from the State, was laid over till the next session.

The modern postures of readiness of expression, the sole aim of which is to engage the eloquence of thought; antiquity presents no model of this kind but Tacitus, Montesquieu, Pascal, and Machiavelli, are eloquent by a single expression, by a striking epithet, or in a rapidity of imagery, the purpose of which is the elucidation of an idea, and the endeavour to enlarge and embellish what is intended to be explained. The impression given by this peculiar style, may be compared to the effect produced by the disclosure of an important secret: it seems likewise as if a number of thoughts had passed that had just been expressed, and each separate idea appears connected with the most profound meditation; and that suddenly, and by a single word, we are permitted to extend our ideas to those immense regions which have been accurately traced by the efforts of genius."

From the *New England Galaxy*!

## "RANDOLPH."

A novel, as it is called on the title page, published some time since at the southward, has at length made its appearance in our bookstores. It is a singular production of a most singular mind. The announcement that it is by the author of *Logan and Seventy-Six*, is quite unnecessary. The fact will be evident to any one who reads a page or two of each of these works. How extensively the two former have been read, we know not; but we apprehend that in Randolph the author has hit upon subjects that will give, at least a temporary interest, and extensive circulation. One of his most prominent per-sonages is Edward Molton, and Edward Molton, in letters to a friend in England,

describes, in his way, our American Poets, Orators, Painters, Politicians, &c. He gives also his opinion of the poets of England; and these sketches and criticisms are given in a style altogether so whimsical and ludicrous, that they set gravity at defiance. Others of his fictitious personages deal, too, in description and criticism, and it is impossible not to be amused (we cannot say delighted) with the continued jumble of sense and nonsense, truth and falsehood, with blunders from ignorance and blunders from carelessness, which are to be met with on almost every page. As he has sent the humble editor of the *New England Galaxy* on a voyage to admorality in company with Wirt, Dexter, Webster, Pierpont, Irving, Percival, Paulding, and a host of others, it might be thought unsafe for us to give more extensive opinion of the general merits of the work, lest it should procure us a ship-week on the passage. We shall select a few of his singularities, and extravagancies, for the amusement of those who cannot procure the book. And first, hear what he says of our Orators.

"I have heard Mr. Randolph called an eloquent man. Ridiculous!—he is a dis-tempered, rambling, aeronimous fellow—exceedingly ambitious, without mind or judgment. He is fluent, witty, pungent and becoming—but he neither is a statesman, a politician, nor an orator. He has an honest heart, it may be; but there is no steadiness in his view; no scope for calculation. He never argues, and never convinces. When his opponents are silenced, it is by his flippancy, sarcasm, and insolence. It is only of late, that his friends have discovered what his enemies have long known—that he is a man of great genius, cruelly disordered; a creature of high faculties, jumbled together, without arrangement, and slumbering or rebellious like so many Persian satraps, just as the whine seizes them; in one word, a peevish, peevish fellow, out of his element.

In short, John Randolph cannot be eloquent—for he cannot reason—he never framed a syllogism in his life; and his speeches, if a map of his mind were laid before us, and they were traced out, with all their obliquities, and intersections, would resemble the route of a defeated army. His thoughts are continually rallying, and never united. He affects to��挺, sometimes, with that indignant spirit, which cannot, will not brook, the tedious formula of demonstration; and he never fails more completely. Why he has been treated with such deference, at any one time, it would not be difficult to tell. But he never was respected; much less revered, and, never had any prominent influence, for men, who wondered at his power, and dreaded his tartness, were afraid to trust themselves to him, for an hour. It was a time of much popular excitement. He came out from among a great party, and publicly apostatised. He became a spectacle, like the Jew at Vienna, who is annually converted, at just exactly enough expense, to exhaust the funds of the society, established there, for the conversion of Jews, to Christianity. So much for John Randolph.

You have heard of Mr. Wirt. He is now the Attorney General of the United States. He affects poetry, too; but, if the cast of his countenance, and the character given of him, by those who know him; and among others, by Judge Rand, of Virginia, may be depended upon, he has mistaken his power. His attribute is strength—peculiar strength. Yet, there is a great and beautiful proportion in his mind. He is too fond of ornament—nay, he is profuse and prodigal of it.—Once, this was carried to a ridiculous excess. The subject was buried in "fur-below and flounces." He undertook, (by contract, too, I suppose; what a pity that men will bargain away their immortality for a mess of portage!) to get up the life of *Patrick Henry*, one of the truly great men of America—a being, who, in his power and originality, stood up like a giant, among dwarfs; and dictated to them, in the plain, great language of a giant, of one, that feels himself, in every limb and blood-vessel—what they were to do. *Patrick Henry* was an eloquent man. Yet, who would look in vain for ornament, and rhetorick, and poetry, in his sayings. No! his manner was above that. It was king-ly. No!—It was greater!—It was republican!—His manner was as the manner of Paul, upon Mars Hill—or of Brutus, before the men of Rome—or of Cato, in the Roman Senate—stern, and full of self-possession, disdainful to talk musically or poetically. Yet *Patrick Henry* was eloquent. The men that heard him, shook in all their limbs; and the sweat fell, like rain, from their foreheads. Mr. Wirt had heard of this; but he had false notions of eloquence. He attempted to describe it; but, he described only rhetorick. He wrote a book of five hundred pages octavo, to prove that *Patrick Henry* was an eloquent man; and he finished, by showing that he was a rhetorician; and that his biographer was beside himself. There was never a more intemperate, injudicious, and unworthy biography. Instead of pushing *Patrick Henry* forward, with his limbs all uncovered; standing unmoved amid the convulsion and turbulence of all the political convulsions of the day; he, himself, mounts upon his shoulders; and covers him, all over, with flowers, and festoons, and fire works. In short, *The Life of Pat-*

rick Henry

10. Hyman

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 7, 1828.

[No. 201.

The Journal of Toulouse contains the following intelligence:

Perpignan, Sept. 13.

We have just suffered a loss which will undoubtedly be exaggerated. On Wednesday last, the 10th, at eight o'clock in the morning, 6 or 700 constitutionalists of the garrison of Barcelona effected a landing between this city and Mataro, at a place called Moujad. They immediately set out for Badalona, and took possession of a quantity of baggage wagons (some say 14 and some 30), which they burnt. The courier who had set out from Mataro returned on seeing them approach. They considered it as the protector of their houses, and consecrated to it offerings and victims. These striking remains of paganism were very observable so late as the last century.

Most of these purely pagan customs have disappeared, some of them have assumed the forms of Christianity; but the superstition remains, having only changed its emblems. In order to escape the vigilance of the police, the peasants conceal these unlawful practices under the cover of the night.

Midsomer-day is particularly honoured by the Estonian peasants, but Midsummer-eve more so. The chapels consecrated to Saint John the Baptist are held in particular veneration. Less than a century ago, a clergyman in a certain district of Estonia discovered one of these pagan practices in the garb of Christianity. The peasants of this district resorted to a place where there were large stones placed upright and others lying down. The tradition ran that it was a whole nuptial procession which had been thus petrified; that the bride and bridegroom, and their relations, were changed to stone, and the stones were changed to large stones, but that the company into small ones. They danced and made invocations round the large stones for rain, and round the little ones for dry weather.

There was another chapel dedicated to St John, round which barren women were to run three times, perfectly naked, uttering certain words in execration. To cure the peasants of this ridiculous superstition, the lord of the district had his chapel destroyed by his own people, one of whom happened to fall ill suddenly, and die a few days after the transaction, the peasant, from that time to the present, have preserved a sacred regard for the spot on which the chapel stood.

Some Estonians still believe in the existence of malevolent beings, with human countenances and fishes' teeth, whom they call in German *Neck*. These beings pursue, particularly young children whom they find on the banks of the rivers, and devour them. Many Estonians hold, that before the deluge beasts could talk; that the devil created wolves, and in general every thing that is hurtful.

The Court decided that the patent laws of the United States governed the case—that the state laws could not be admitted to rebut the equity of the bill, and it was therefore unnecessary to examine them, and having, in the course of the argument, promptly disposed of several preliminary questions, took time to advise on the motion.

We are not yet justifiable in saying, that there is much visible decrease in the fever this week; although but few cases have occurred, it will be recollect that there are but few for the disease to operate upon. Owing to sickness and death in our office the past week, we have unavoidably been compelled to delay the publication of the *Mississippian* somewhat later than usual.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 8.

By Capt. Reed of the *Mississippian*, who left Concordia, opposite Natchez, on Saturday, we learn that the fever was considered not to have abated in the least. Dr. Provan, died on Friday, after a short illness. He had returned from the country—and believing all danger over, advised those whom he found there to remain. Several of the inhabitants, some old residents who had not left the city this season, have been taken down within a few days.

Port Gibson, (Ms.) Sept. 6.—A letter from a respectable gentleman in the vicinity of Natchez to his friend in this town, written on Wednesday last, informs that of about 100 persons who remained in the city, 19 died on the 30th and 31st ult. of the prevailing fever: 16 on the 1st, and 8 on the 2d inst.



Columbian Observer.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1823.

## "King Caucus!"

We are often amused, and sometimes feel indignant, at the unconscious simplicity which characterizes the *National Intelligencer*, in its unprincipled course of political quackery, and entire devotion to one grand ruling-passion—self-interest. But there is something in dullness that always disarms animosity; and we no sooner feel resentent rising in our bosoms at its awkward transgressions, than laughter at its folly steps in, and interposes contempt, to pacify our anger.

A few days ago, a school-boy correspondent of the *Intelligencer*, with very good and laudable intentions, communicated an *Extract* from Washington's farewell Address, which he thought tended to guard the *Constitution* from the injurious violation of a *Caucus*; and which when properly expounded, it is certainly calculated to do, but standing by itself, it can pass for little more than a truism. The Editors of the *Intelligencer* seized on it with avidity, as being but a *feeble* argument against "King Caucus." But not content with the want of skill in a youthful adversary, the Editors must profuse forward their arguments in favor of old "King Caucus." Let us examine their reasoning—here it is:

"As to the assembling of a number of the members of Congress for the purpose of recommending to their fellow-citizens the fitness and expediency of selecting a particular individual for the office of President, we can see in it no more a violation of the Constitution, than in any other private act which a member of Congress can perform. Such a recommendation is not forbidden by the Constitution, and it is admitted to be under existing circumstances desirable and expedient. How thus can it be illegal or improper?"

There is a confusion in the whole of this paragraph, which envelopes the topic in dense and impervious clouds—such as the assembling of a number of the Members of Congress to recommend the expediency of selecting a particular individual, &c. all which does not express the object of a *Caucus*—which is, not to recommend the expediency of selecting, &c. but to **SELECT AND NOMINATE**, and therefore to **ELECT OR DICTATE** a President! But let us take the *Intelligencer* in the sense it means, for it will avail nothing to dispute with a *Courtier* about words, as we have a good example of in the last act of *Hamlet*.

The *Intelligencer* affirms, that the Constitution is not violated, because the members assemble to do "a *private act*"—such a private act as a *Member can perform*. To say, that to *do a private act*, is begging the question. But the *Intelligencer* denies that it is a *private act*, when it says that the "tranquillity of the Country calls for a *Caucus*."—What! the tranquillity of the Country affected by a *private act*! But let this absurdity pass; we must not pause at the folly of the *Intelligencer*, or we shall never get through. "Such a recommendation," say the Court Editors, is not forbidden by the *Constitution*! Is this to be the standard of what the *Constitution* prescribes? Is every thing *Constitutional*, that is not *forbidden*? If yes, why must all perceive that it is of little worth. The logic of the *Intelligencer*, however, even stretches farther than this, for it proclaims—that what ever is *desirable* or *expedient*, is *Constitutional*; a monstrous doctrine, fraught with ruin, despotism, and the prostration of the *Rights of the People*.

The *Constitution* defined and prescribed the *duties* of a *Member of Congress*. While acting in this sphere, he does not violate it; all beyond this is a *transgression* of that instrument. It was not necessary to *forbid* crimes when it prescribed *duties*—for the latter sufficiently designate the former. The question is—What are the *Constitutional* *duties* of a *Member of Congress*? Has the *Constitution* ordained, that he shall act as a *caballer* or *Caucusite*, to nominate, or *dictate* a *President*? No! Then the conclusion is self-evident, "King Caucus" is *anti-Constitutional*. Abundance of collateral arguments present themselves in the *Constitution*, against this corrupt dictation; such as the purity and right of suffrage, &c. but we believe the subject has been too often investigated by the *people*, to use a diffuse argument to convince them.

The *Enemies* of their Country! MARK THEM!

Be it known to the *Democrats* of Pennsylvania and the *United States*, that the *American Sentinel* and *Democratic Press* have refused to publish the *Proceedings* of the JACKSON TOWN MEETING, held on Wednesday last, at the *County Court House*.

It is said we live in a *land of Liberty*, where the *Press* is *free*;—and yet, mark well, all ye in whose veins flow *American blood*, Wm. H. CRAWFORD, the *Secretary of the Treasury*, and an *old Federalist* of the days of *John Adams*, has the *Press* under his control! Mark it well! JACKSON is *proscribed* by all the CRAWFORD (*purchased*!) *Presses*!! What a compliment to the *HERO OF ORLEANS*!! We say mark it!—But it is a theme of exultation, and a source of pride and satisfaction! May it always be thus. May JACKSON always receive the frowns of CRAWFORD, and his *myrmidons*;—and then, we shall never distrust him!

BINNS, a FOREIGN RENEGADE, who has been the tenant of twenty-one jails, on his own authority; an *Apostate* from Democracy, and a tool of CRAWFORD, has refused to publish the *Democratic Town Meeting Proceedings*! Is comment necessary? We hope not, for the honor of America! But this is not all—BINNS has had the audacity to *copy* the libellous paragraph from the *American Sentinel*, which *faulcily* represents the members of the Meeting as small, and its character as mixed! What says Jacob HAGATE, Nathan JONES, Thomas LEIFER, and Jacob

the *shearer* (*the Soldier of '76*) to this unwarrantable calumny? A Foreign Renegade to *Libel Jackson*!—"Oh shame, where is thy blush."

## FOR THE COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

## THE VOLUNTEER.

## No. IV.

"The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven, But changes night and day too, like the sky; Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven; And darkness and destruction as on high; But when it has been scorched, and pierced, and riven,

Its scars expire in water-drops, the eye

Pours forth at that the heart's blood turned to tears,

Which make the English climate of our ears."

The following is a brief history of the last day's journey of a lamented and ingenious friend, whose last act was one of benevolence, and noble generosity. Poor Eugenio! He was the child of sensibility and genius; and his fate was the more to be deplored, as he was hastening homeward from distant wanderings, made in want and obscurity, to enjoy the inheritance of a competency, and ratify a long protracted engagement with the girl of his heart! Within one day's journey of home, dear and precious word of magic influence to the solitary wanderer, he sickened at an obscure inn, and now lies mingling with the clods of the valley, in the yard of the village church, with no monument to his memory, save the throbs of the heart that he left behind, to cherish the recollection of his virtues;—for his *genius*, that is imperishable, for the *soul* is immortal.

Having passed the night with restless and perturbed spirits, that banished refreshing slumber from his eyes, and excluded every thing but home from his imagination; Eugenio rose at the dawn of day; and crossing the river, he quickened his usual pace, and anticipated a speedy return to his native city! So great was his impatient eagerness, that he made very rapid progress, and walked thirty-five miles the first day. On the following morning, however, he felt somewhat stiff from his exertion; yet determined to go on, impelled by a thousand irresistible feelings! He was about three miles from Princeton, when the night overtook him, and gave him silence, solitude, and darkness, for companions, to beguile his irksome and fatiguing march. As he was just leaving a turn in the road behind him, he espied a light in a small cottage a few hundred yards from the highway; and could not avoid envying the happiness of those, who thus retired from the depravity and misery of life, could dream out existence in uncultivated felicity. How happy, thought he, could I live here, blessed with my dear Maria, and a few lines of one of his own poems occurring to his mind, he exclaimed aloud;

"In yonide, vale, beneath the flow'ry shades,

"Where sylvan beauties bloom in sweet arcades;

"Perfume the air, and reach the ambient skies;

"Where gurgling streamslet chill the sultry bean,

"And lavish nature decorates the scene:

"There see comnial blessings crowd around;

"And all the joys of peace and love abound!

"Blest with content, and free from ev'ry strife;

"A happy pair their hand an humble life;

"Daughters and sons arise around their age;

"To swell their sports, and their grieves assuage;

"While health sits smiling on each jocund brow,

"And luscious plenty tempts beneath the plough!

"There could I live, nor part for fleeting fame;

"Content to live, within my children's name!

"There could I die! no foul fear a prey;

"Happy that age had clos'd an honour'd day;

"And while my children round my couch should cry,

"Teach them to live, by knowing how to die!"

Eugenio had scarcely uttered the last line, when he was alarmed by the screams of a woman, apparently proceeding from the cottage that had attracted his notice. Moved by an instinctive impulse, he instantly leaped over the fence, and ran towards the house. As he approached nearer, he plainly heard a woman calling out louder, in a suppressed voice, as if almost exhausted by her struggles. He now came up to within a few paces of the door which stood open, and by the light of a fire inside which issued through it, perceived a woman writhing beneath the pressure of a stout man, who with his knees applied to her back, attempted to tie her hands behind her. Unobserved by the unfeeling wretch, Eugenio sprang forward with the fierceness of a lion, and aiming a stroke at his head, with a large cane, which he carried to support him, brought him quickly to the ground, where he lay senseless and overcome! He then untied the hands of the woman, who was unharmed, but she begged him to secure the man, or he would murder them all, for he had pistols in his pocket! Of these Eugenio immediately disarmed him, and having tied his arms and legs, begged to know of the woman, the nature of his assault upon her? This she promised to do, with a thousand thanks for his timely succour; and as they were entering the door of the cottage, an old man with a sheet thrown round his shoulders, and his white hair streaming in the wind over a forehead that exhibited the hue of death, was supporting his feeble limbs by the wall, as he hastened apparently, to the relief of the woman, while he exclaimed in a feeble voice, hardly audible, "Oh my child, my child! they will murder you! Oh Heaven! help my child; or give me strength to defend her!" His daughter no sooner saw him, than she screamed with terror and surprise, and flew to support him. The poor old man clasped her with frantic joy in his arms, crying, "Oh, my child, my Lucy, are you safe? Have the villains gone?" Assured of mutual safety they mingled their tears together with grateful transport! "How did you get down the ladder, my dear father?" asked his daughter. "I cannot tell," said the old man, "but when I heard you cry, Lucy, I found myself growing stronger; and could not lie in bed!" "Oh sir," said his daughter, addressing Eugenio, "look here at this ladder! He was not able to hold his head up all day, and yet he came down these steep steps, with out assistance!" "Merciful Providence!" cried Eugenio, "how wonderful are the works of Nature! What miracles are affection and love able to perform, when the objects of them are threatened with danger?" Lucy now requested that he would assist her to replace her father up stairs, which having accomplished with some difficulty, she told him that the man who attacked her, used to work upon their farm; but for some time her father's ill health, and infirmities, had kept him from cultivating

it; and he had gone back a little in the world. She thought the man had been watching some time for an opportunity to rob them, for he had called every day, under pretence of enquiring after her father's health. He had been there that morning, and she had told him, her father was too weak to hold up his head; that just at dark he called again, and when I told him again, my father was no better, he seized me round the neck, and attempted to kiss me. I pushed him from me, with all my strength; which made him furious, and he swore he would teach me better manners. With that he pulled a pistol out of his pocket, and threatened he would shoot me dead, if I wasn't quiet; but seeing me determined to meet death, rather than allow him any liberties, he said he had no wish to kill me; and if I gave him every thing he had, without making a noise, he would not hurt me!—This I refused, when he swore he would take my money, and my virtue into the bargain; and saved on from his brutal treatment." Eugenio having recommended her, to get some of the neighbors to remain with her during her father's illness; went to untie the legs of the man, determined to surrender him to the civil power, that he might be punished for his flagitious crime. He found him recovered from the effects of the blow, but still in the same place; and by showing him one of his pistols, it had the desired effect of making him quicken his pace towards Princeton, while our hero followed close behind. Having reached the town in safety with his prisoner, he laid a statement of the affair before one of the Justices of the county; when the culprit was committed to prison, to the great satisfaction of Eugenio, who began to loathe the depravity of mankind with a deep sensation of bitterness, being thoroughly disgusted with the unrelenting cruelty and injustice of the world.

When Eugenio arrived at the inn, where he designed to put up for the night, he found his limbs so full of excruciating pains, while his head was almost bursting with violent throbbings, that he was compelled immediately to retire to bed, in hopes of procuring, through slumber, some alleviation of his torments. But the night brought him no repose, and on the succeeding day, he was labouring under the most violent symptoms of a raging fever. With no friend near him; unknown, nameless, and obscure, he languished for nine days, insensible to all around him—when he expired. He was buried at the charge of the public, and but one human creature followed his remains to his last tenement. Lucy having heard of the fate of her benefactor, hastened as a real mourner to weep over his grave—and she did weep—the tears trickled fast from the eyes of the simple and honest girl. It was said she *loved* him, because she mourned over his fate. This is probable; for Eugenio was a man—beautiful! But who, you will ask was Eugenio? He was the Son of affliction. Born in the lap of affluence. Nurtured in luxury. With a genius cleaving to the skies; and a heart spurning the earth! But riches forsook him. The world frowned. The flower of sensibility withered!—it perished—and was watered by the tears of a woman, who loved it as it hung faded, withered, bruised, and trembling on a broken stem.

From South America.

By the ship *Es*, from Callao, intelligence is received at Baltimore, that the advance of the Spanish army, led by Gen. Rodiles entered Lima on the night of the 19th June, the city having been previously abandoned by the civil and military authorities of Peru. Many of the inhabitants, with the Peruvian army, had retired to Callao. The Spaniards destroyed the mint and the printing presses, and robbed some of the British warehouses. Particulars on Monday.

Cape of Good Hope.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope, have been received in London, to the 14th of July. A report had just reached the Cape, that a numerous wandering tribe, or more properly a nation, was on the way South, whose course was marked with the greatest cruelty and devastation. They had advanced as far as Kaffre Land, which borders the frontiers, destroying every thing they encountered, sparing neither man, woman, nor child: in fact, it is said, they resemble a flight of locusts, which consume every thing they rest on. The people composing this nation, are said to be of a much lighter colour than the native Africans, and are supposed to be descendants of some Europeans wrecked on the coast of Africa. They are well armed, and much better equipped than the aborigines of the country. The Grosvenor Indianman was wrecked about forty years ago, and many of the crew saved. These are supposed to have mingled with a powerful tribe, whence sprang this horde. The reports, however, were by some, supposed to be exaggerated.

Queziz.—The *Democratic Press* (so called) presents a table of the votes for Governor in 1820 and 1823, to which are affixed two columns showing the democratic gain and the federal gain at the election last named. In the column for 1823, we perceive that the Alderman takes the vote for President in 1820 as the democratic vote; while, on his own admission, this *undermining democratic* supported the federal candidate at that period.—*Advertiser on Chron.*

The Voice of Pennsylvania.

Crawford, the Federal Candidate.

"Shows how the wind blows."

The *Susquehanna Democrat*, published by Samuel Maffet, who supported Hister in 1820, and Gregg in 1823, has declared for Wm. H. Crawford for President. This is perfectly in character. The democrats of Pennsylvania, we have always contended, could not support Wm. H. Crawford for President. They very justly censured Mr. Gregg for voting to restrict the right of suffrage when he was in the Senate of the United States, and let it be remembered that Wm. H. Crawford voted the same way. How then can those who supported Mr. Shulze support Mr. Crawford.—*Eastern Sentinel*.

STATES.	New Electors of President and Vice-President chosen, and number of Electors.	When State Elections are held.	Where and when State Legislatures sit.	Pay per day.		Number of Members of Legislatures.	Pay per day.	Terms of office of Members of Legislatures.	How and for what period Governors are chosen.	Governors of States.	Salaries.
				200 Both branches 1 year	100 Both branches 1 year						
N. Hampshire	By general ticket	8/24 Tuesday in March	Concord, 1st Wednesday in June	200 Both branches 1 year	100 Both branches 1 year	Seas. 12 Reps.	198/200 Both branches 1 year	1 year	One year, by the people	Levi Woodbury	1200 00
Maine	By districts	1st Monday in April	Portland and New Haven, alternately	200 Both branches 1 year	100 Both branches 1 year	Seas. 10 Reps.	198/200 Both branches 1 year	1 year	One year, by the people	William C. Gibbs	600 00
Rhode Island	By general ticket	4th April and October for representatives	Hartford and New Haven, alternately	200 Both branches 1 year	100 Both branches 1 year	Seas. 12 Assem.	198/200 Both branches 1 year	1 year	One year, by the people	John D. Weston	1200 00
Conn. & New Haven	By general ticket	1st Monday in April	Hartford and New Haven, alternately	200 Both branches 1 year	100 Both branches 1 year	Seas. 12 Assem.	198/200 Both branches 1 year	1 year	One year, by the people	Richard T. Hunt	750 00
Vermont	By legislature	7th Tuesday in September	Montpelier, 1st Tuesday in January	200 Both branches 1 year</td							